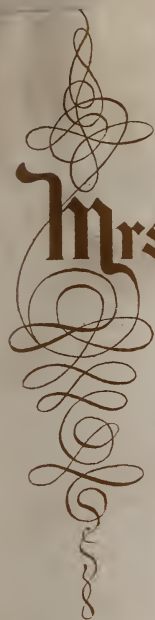


CT

275

G53G4



In Memory of

Mrs. Frederick B. Goddard



Class GT275

Book G53G4

Copyright N^o

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



In Memory of

Mrs. Frederick B. Goddard

By Her Husband

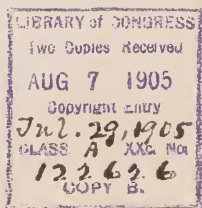
Frederick B. Goddard



3
3
3
3
3

The Lotus Press
1905

CT275
G5364



Copyright, 1905
by
The Lotus Press, New York

c
c
c
c
c
c
c
c



AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN





AS YOUNG WIFE AND MOTHER





AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FOUR





FROM A FAMILY GROUP
TAKEN IN 1903



Mrs. Frederick B. Goddard was born at Warren, Rhode Island, in 1836. Her maiden name was Lydia Jane Pason. She was graduated at Mt. Holyoke Seminary with the class of 1857, married in 1860, and passed the most of her subsequent life in New York City.

In the early spring of 1904 she began to suffer from visceral troubles (gall stones), and although all was done for her that affection and medical skill could suggest, her illness increased until her physicians urged an operation as the only means of saving her life. She entered Hahnemann Hospital, New York, on the second of October, where the operation was performed by two competent surgeons. She bore her sufferings with cheerful resignation, and for a time strong hopes were entertained of her recovery, but she gradually grew weaker and passed away on the twenty-ninth of November, 1904.

Mrs. Goddard possessed a rare combination of sterling and attractive qualities. Her strong mind was well stored, her judgment excellent, her disposition most amiable. She was generous and unselfish—happier in bestowing than in receiving benefits. She was refined in every thought and deed but broadly tolerant to all things save vice and impurity.

If there was a faint suggestion of reserve in her quiet and winning manner, one felt that beneath it was untold wealth of goodness and affection. She preferred a few well chosen friends to social distinction and to these she opened her heart. She had read and travelled much. To be in close companionship with her cheerful daily life was an education.

Her family discipline was based on gentle influence; there was never severity or threat of punishment. She saw clearly and judged wisely and her voice, which was always low and sweet, possessed a certain magnetism which stilled all controversy and made her lightest request paramount law to her children. And it is a pleasant thought to the husband and five sons who cherish her memory, that

perhaps she can see and know that all her last expressed wishes have been sacredly fulfilled.

We have placed the ashes of this wife and mother, with those of her daughter Genevieve, in the secluded cemetery of an elm-shaded New England town, on the shore of Long Island Sound. There may they forever sleep, close to nature, while the quiet stars keep nightly vigil over them, and the winds and the waves blend their voices in requiem for her pure and beautiful soul.



BEFORE Mrs. Goddard was seriously ill, her husband had a volume in preparation for the press, of which she was the inspiration and lenient critic. It is now laid aside and will never be completed for publication. But as she in a measure collaborated in the work, the following extracts from some of its chapters in manuscript may interest her friends; and more especially, because she approved and shared the sentiments they express in regard to the great mystery of life.

At Three Score and Ten

CICERO was sixty-three years old when he began to write his essay on old age, and he says the pleasure of writing it made him forget his own infirmities. "There is no need for me to speak about myself," he writes, "and yet, that is the privilege of old age, and conceded to my time of life." Under such high authority I may venture to refer to the fact that to-day, my birthday, I have rounded up seventy years of life.

¶ Three score years and ten! It is a break with the past, a change in the face of life, the epoch of introspection. Now one enters the vestibule of an unknown temple, and it stirs the imagination.

¶ If one opens the door to his thoughts, they will throng upon him on his seventieth birthday. He was young but yesterday, and all unawares, age has stolen upon him. Where have the years gone, and what real possessions has he acquired during this span of life? He knows in his heart that the much

or little wealth he has accumulated beyond his needs is a paltry asset. Is the talent entrusted to him still hid in the napkin? Has he neglected his opportunities, and evaded his responsibilities? At this meeting point between the past and the future, more than at any other period in life, such questions press for judgment before the tribunal of one's own mind and conscience.

¶ Life may still be pleasant to a person at seventy, but what of the gray to-morrows, under the increasing infirmities time will surely bring?

¶ In seeking a common ground on which all could agree in regard to the query—"Is life worth living?" a distinguished modern philosopher finds the pessimist to condemn life because it results in more pain than pleasure, while the optimist defends it in the belief that it brings more pleasure than pain. And he concludes that "The implication common to both views is, that conduct should conduce to the preservation of the individual, of the family, or of society, only supposing that life brings more happiness than misery."

¶ This doctrine seems very similar to that of the ancient Epicureans, who made pleasure the sole good, and pain the sole evil. Yet the Stoics were really the happier, because they found a settled serenity of soul in being independent of the ills of life. If, however, we may take Mr. Spencer's conclusion to be logically and ethically correct in regard to life as a whole, it should apply with increased force to that part of it which is least pleasant and desirable—old age. Why, then, should we cherish the vital spark, amid the ashes of a dull, useless, painful and hopeless senescence?

¶ It is because, standing reverent before the inscrutable mystery of existence, the heart of man refuses to value life merely as the difference between its pains and its pleasures. It recognizes with Kant that "The moral law is the one clear law of the Absolute," and is fain to believe that life and its responsibilities have a profound spiritual meaning. In this view, it is surely ours to await the call of that Power whose purpose is beyond finite conception.

¶ Epictetus spoke of the "always open door" as an optional exit from troubled life; yet even he, the Stoic, who did not profess to accept belief in existence hereafter, counseled waiting patiently at the post assigned, until called in by the Great Commander.

¶ There are, no doubt, some tired souls who welcome old age as a period of respite and rest, but I think that with the most of us it is painful to realize that we have reached the evening of life, and must henceforth resign ourselves to becoming idle spectators of others' lives and fortunes.

¶ Amiel found it "harder to grow old than to die;" that to bear with decay and accept one's lessening capacity is a rarer and more trying virtue than to face death.

¶ We love the game of life and retire from it with many a wistful retrospect. The quick thrill of the blood of earlier days has gone and "The enchanted herbs that did renew old Æson" can never restore it, even with all Medea's wondrous alchemy. But

it is part of the business of life to bear its ills patiently, and to leave it with graceful resignation. It is best to curb a too vivid imagination, and accept the inevitable as serenely as the raindrop falls into the ocean.

¶ A peaceful and cheerful decline into old age is a triumphal consummation. It is the after glow or Indian summer of a well-ordered life. It may happily come to one who has been careful to preserve health, and who, surrounded by sheltering influences and sympathetic care, can look back upon an honorable, self-denying and useful career, crowned with the love, respect and gratitude of those about him. And it is the more admirable when such an one can gratefully accept this harvest, but stands ready to resign it, if such be the decree of the Power that gives life and takes it away.

Infinite Intelligence

IF two plants grow side by side, one may be healthful and nourishing, the other poisonous.

Whatever may be the soil around the roots, each will extract only those elements intended to its own specific organization, preserving its own form leaf, blossom and fragrance. Each will produce its own seeds and impart to them the power of reproduction. The vital forces involved can operate only in certain modes and directions. Its growth, shape, product, every function or attribute, are all prescribed.

¶ Such sequent happenings in the chaotic realm of the accidental are inconceivable. And when phenomena equally inscrutable confront us on every hand, we are forced to admit, with Lord Kelvin, that the evidence that design, and not the blind energy of chance, rules the universe, "is as infinity to one."

¶ The stellar system to which we belong is in shape ovate. Looking across its sides, the glass reveals other families of suns, and yet others until, far out in

the deeps of space, nebulous clouds appear, which a higher telescopic power resolves into stellar systems; and still beyond, similar clouds are seen, so remote as to defy analysis.

¶ It requires four thousand years for the light of a star of the twelfth magnitude to reach the earth, but the farthest reach of the aided eye reveals no star in the so-called "dark tubes" of Herschel; yet under the camera, the light which left invisible suns ages ago, spatters the sensitive film with the record that they are, or were, shining somewhere in boundless space. When in their swift flight, two orbs clash, they dissipate as nebulous matter, while elsewhere in the universe, vortices in such luminous mists, or in the mysterious ether, mark the birth of new suns. Such is the majestic sweep and rhythm of the skies at the hand of Him who wound up and set their wondrous clockwork.

"Above the clouds and tempest's rage,
Across yon blue and radiant arch,
Upon their long high pilgrimage,
I watched their glittering armies march."

¶ The boundaries of human reason are narrow, but we may be permitted even the daring conjecture that infinite space is studded with an infinite number of suns and worlds, and that throughout the universe, as light undulates in space, life pulsates in time.

¶ Science has reached the conclusion that matter and force are eternal; and it would seem that every cognitive faculty of mind, sense and intuition attests the existence of an Eternal Directing Intelligence. It is to many of us, the one star that shines clear, above that rhythm of happiness and sorrow which we call life.

“God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
the rest may reason and welcome.”

Immortality

BELIEF in the immortality of the soul is a corollary of the doctrine that there is a moral order in the universe, and it is, out of question, the best working basis for humanity under present conditions. "You will get much less from a humanity, which does not believe in the human immortality of the soul, than from one which does believe," said Renan.

¶ If man becomes persuaded that, after a short and uncertain term of years on the stage of this world he passes into utter oblivion, a powerful restraining influence and a strong incentive to aspiration and endeavor will be lost. He will contract his purposes as he fancies his existence circumscribed.

¶ The instinct of survival in some form hereafter is one of the most profound intuitions of the human race. The Indian believes that in the land of the Great Spirit his dog and gun shall bear him company; and

many of the most illustrious men whose names adorn early history, have testified to their faith in the immortality of the soul.

¶ Socrates tranquilly drank the poison that was to transport him to the company of the gods; and Cicero writes: "If I am wrong in this, that I believe the souls of men to be immortal, I willingly delude myself. Nor do I desire that the mistake, in which I take pleasure, should be wrested from me as long as I live. But if I, when dead, shall have no consciousness, as some narrow-minded philosophers imagine, I do not fear lest dead philosophers should ridicule this my delusion."

¶ The Christian world finds in the promises of the Master sufficient warrant for its strong and abiding faith in a future life. Trust in the assurances of that Exalted Being has brought consolation to countless millions. It has inspired humanity to virtue and well doing; restrained it from vice and crime, and sustained it under poverty, suffering and bereavement, while holding out the cheering hope of compensation

in the life to come, for all the pain and misery endured on earth.

¶ Science has conferred immeasurable benefits upon the world. Its mission is to observe and prove. It therefore objects to the assumption of any principle which will not bear demonstration. In search of absolute truth it explores many mysteries but to find greater mysteries beyond. Its path ever leads to the insoluble.

¶ Many distinguished votaries of science accept neither miracle nor dogma and declare that its progress during the nineteenth century has rendered untenable the idea of eternal life. They find no evidence that force can manifest itself except upon or through matter, or that, at the dissolution of the body, its substance and energy do not return to their primordial condition, leaving no trace of any psychoplasm or material to serve as the garment for a potential soul.

¶ But that spirit and its attributes continue to exist in some concrete form we must believe. The forces

of nature are no more visible or explicable than spirit. The existence of an Infinite Overruling Spirit is proclaimed in the excess of beauty in nature and countless other manifestations of design, as surely as the phenomena of gravity, electricity or chemical affinity reveal their existence.

¶ In his "First Principles," Herbert Spencer observes that, "While our consciousness of Nature under one aspect constitutes science, our consciousness of it under the other aspect constitutes religion." And Kant declared that the immortality of the soul is not an object of pure reason, but a postulate of practical reason.

¶ Science and religion have therefore not only different functions, but also different methods of reasoning. Science makes its final deductions from premises it has established by induction from facts and principles which it has proved. Religion formulates its scheme of things by deduction, from premises which science fails in part to verify.

¶ Religion maintains that the domain of science is

limited and apart from the realm of the Eternal Ideal, to which it can no more rise than arithmetic can measure the finer sentiments, such as love and gratitude. It believes that the Deity who can create and control can also perpetuate life. It insists that the shell must be held to the ear of the heart, so full of spiritual intuitions and aspirations, if one would hear the certain promise of immortality.

¶ It is not unreasonable to believe that the assurance of personal immortality has been withheld from mere mathematical reasoning, as part of the discipline of life, and reserved to higher faculties. In this view, the exact methods of pure science can never rise to its demonstration.

¶ In his late work, "Individualism," N. S. Shaler, Professor of Geology at Harvard University, has this to say: "A number of men of no mean authority as naturalists, some of them well trained in experimental science, have, after long and careful inquiry, become convinced that there is evidence of the survival of some minds after death." And again: "We

may fairly conjecture that we may be on the verge of something like a demonstration, that the individual soul does survive the death of the body by which it was nurtured."

¶ Modern spiritualism is a beautiful faith were it only true. We may at least agree with its disciples that no other doctrine can so directly minister to the bereaved human heart. No other can vie with its proffer of visible and tangible tokens that love outlasts death, and that the separation which death inflicts is not utter and irreparable.

¶ There are some who have a haunting fear lest they may be "bound to the wheel," and must carry to another life the burdens of this, or that the countless ages of eternity prove insufferably monotonous and wearisome. And sometimes in the dusk of life, when the day seems to have been very long, and the instinct of life grows feeble, the tired lingerer is willing to forego immortality and welcome the rest and peace of an eternal and dreamless sleep.

¶ These lines, written by Mrs. Huxley, were placed

upon the tombstone of the scientist, at his own request:

“And if there be no meeting past the grave,
If all is darkness, silence, yet 'tis rest;
Be not afraid, ye waiting hearts that weep,
For God still giveth his beloved sleep;
And if an endless sleep he wills—so best.”

¶ But if the power of bringing into existence be conceded to the Supreme Being, we may certainly believe He can prolong it according to His Will.

¶ The probably glorious existence yonder can no more be projected from mortal conditions than a life germ in the egg can foresee that it will become a soaring eagle or a brilliant bird of Paradise—no more than the sluggish caterpillar can foretell that it will cast off its repulsive exuviae and be transformed into a many-hued butterfly, sporting in the sunshine.

¶ In each block of marble lies hidden every ideal form that has haunted the dreams of poet or sculptor, awaiting but the touch of some inspired hand to be set free from the matter which conceals it. And may it not likewise be, that when the Master Sculptor

brushes aside from the immortal spark the material body which smothers and betrays it with passions, desires, appetites, with greed for gold and lust of power, it will become forever radiant in all its finer and nobler attributes?

¶ Exact and eternal justice is believed to be the pivotal law of the universe. And among the most convincing evidences of a future life is the fact that so many human beings toil, suffer and die under conditions which are hopelessly unjust, unless somewhere and somehow, compensation is to come, and every wrong righted.

“There never lived a virtue unrewarded,
Nor died a vice without its meed of woe.”

¶ The interesting theory of pre-existence and after-existence finds much favor with the poets. It claims that the child is not created; its soul is as old as the soul of its parents. Its character has been formed in its former lives and is attracted for its birth here to its own kind.

¶ Man will ever be what he makes himself; his virtues and his sins are his own; he is the concrete manifestation of his own past and he cannot evade his responsibility.

¶ Death cannot destroy him. No prayer, no meditation, no ceremony, no form of faith can save him. In store for him is "Justice to the finest degree, as exact as arithmetic—as the movement of the stars—as the order of the universe." It is urged that this theory establishes the freedom of the will, accountability, and the moral order.

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath elsewhere had its setting
And cometh from afar."

—*Wordsworth.*

"We only feel that we have ever been
And ever more shall be."

—*Whittier.*

"As to you Life, I reckon you are the leavings of many deaths;
No doubt I have died ten thousand times before."

—*Walt Whitman.*

“Or ever the Knightly years were gone
With the old world to the grave,
I was a king in Babylon
And you were a Christian slave.”

—*W. E. Henley.*

Says Dr. Henry Moore :

“And as this hypothesis (pre-existence) is rational in itself, so has it also gained the suffrage of all philosophers of all ages, of any note, that have held the soul of man incorporeal and immortal.” Tennyson, Browning, Southey, Victor Hugo and many other poets bear testimony to their belief in the theory of pre-existence.

¶ No two persons see and feel and think alike. Two artists, for example, sit side by side upon the shore to paint the ocean in a storm. The picture of one makes you feel the fury of the wind and the waves; that of the other, the strength of the cliff that resists them. Temperament, disposition, mental characteristics vary. Hence all cannot have the same religious views. Happily, it is an age of tolerance and freedom of opinion. Happily also, the creeds of our fathers are casting out their terrors and drawing

nearer to the real teachings of the gentle and benignant Master.

¶ That religion must be good, "which renders forgiveness more easy, fortune less arrogant, duty more dear, the beyond less visionary."

¶ Man's conception of God is really a reflex of his own mental attitude. Cruel and superstitious peoples have stern and cruel gods, and in proportion as they grow enlightened and humane, their deities become kind and merciful.

¶ In the time to come, little more may be proclaimed from the pulpit than the gospel of well-doing, peace, love and trust. There will be fewer admonitions to "fear God," to become a "God-fearing people," when we shall not forget that "Perfect Love casteth out fear."

¶ It is incredible that man's career is circumscribed to this little orb, when his eye and imagination can penetrate the boundless deeps of space. Is it given him to know the past, but nothing of the ripened harvest of the future for which he has sown the seed?

Is a noble character doomed to perish utterly? Are the eyes of Washington and Lincoln forever closed to the welfare of the country they loved and served so well? Shall all human ties be so harshly broken and forever sundered, and those we love become but fading memories?

¶ It cannot be, unless the human soul is merely a product of the mass of atoms to which it is tethered. It cannot be, unless the loftiest reason, every prophetic instinct of the heart, and every immortal longing which lies too deep for any form of expression is a mockery. It cannot be, unless life is an empty and aimless dream.

A brilliant sceptic of our time had his own intimations of immortality, when he said: "In the night of death hope sees a star, and love hears the rustle of a wing."

The Passing

"A hundred years from now, dear heart,
We will not mind the pain,
The throbbing, crimson tide of life
Will not have left a stain.
The song we sing together, dear,
The dream we dream together here,
Will mean no more than means a tear
Amid a summer rain."

TO die is the common destiny. Unnumbered millions have gone before and countless millions will follow. It is the one certain issue of physical life, the inevitable consequent of birth. Yet the ever-haunting dread of this natural event causes a hundredfold more mental suffering than any other sentiment which afflicts mankind.

¶ "Cowards die many times," for it is written that he who fears he shall suffer, already suffers that which he fears. The excessive dread of paying this natural debt is more to be feared than death itself. It is a morbid mental infirmity; the fruit of a narrow view of life and its meaning, which should be cast out. It

was a dictum of Plato, that a man who is good for anything is neither afraid of living nor of dying.

¶ It was a custom with certain Pagan nations for friends to attire themselves in mourning when a child was born, and festive garments when a life ended. And if death be the passport to a glorious immortality, as we in this Christian land are taught, and profess to believe, the tolling funeral bell should ring a joyous march. That faith and trust in the assurance of felicity hereafter cannot be strong and vital, which crowns death as the "King of Terrors."

¶ It is natural and fitting that we pay tribute in sorrow and tears to the memory of a beloved one who has gone from us. Even the Master wept at the tomb of Lazarus.

"Some pious drops the closing eye requires."

¶ But if we may believe the death of a friend to be his greater "gain," is not excessive grief over our own personal "loss" selfish and unworthy?

¶ Death either opens to us the gates of Paradise, or

it leads to the imperturbable peace of eternal sleep. And when humanity can learn to anticipate it with fearless serenity, and approach it with dignity and composure, it will be a noble triumph of reason. Death will then have lost its chiefest sting, and the world be happier, in the passing of a great and gloomy shadow from the face of life.

¶ Very many physicians have testified that actual death is not ordinarily attended by any considerable degree of physical suffering, and that its near approach is seldom accompanied by the terrors usually associated with it.

¶ "Take away but the pomps of death," says Jeremy Taylor, "the disguises and solemn bugbears, the fantastic ceremonies, the swoonings and shriekings, the nurses and physicians, the dark room and the ministers, the kindred and the watchers, and then to die is easy."

¶ And again Plato: "The death that comes to us—old age conducting us to it—is of all others the most easy and in some sort delightful." And Seneca: "I

have often thought upon death and I find it the least of all evils. The expectation brings terror and that exceeds the evil." And Montaigne: "God is favorable to those whom he makes to die by degrees; the last death will be so much the less painful." And Taine: "We cannot stay and we do not wish to stay amid the ruins."

¶ "Death," said Colton, "is the Liberator of him whom freedom cannot release, the Physician of him whom medicine cannot cure, and the Comforter of him whom Time cannot console."

"So be my passing—
My task accomplished and the long day done;
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered in the quiet West,
The sundown splendid and serene death."

The Last Offices of Affection

IT is a thoughtful and benevolent consideration for others, to enjoin upon friends the duty of performing the last offices of affection in such manner that death shall not entail physical injury to survivors, and, so far as possible, leave delicate and pleasing thoughts of one's self. It is, in fact, the final measure of altruism.

¶ Physicians positively assert that the prevailing custom of Earth burial is insanitary, productive of danger to the living, and a constant menace to future generations. Millions of her former citizens lie buried in large areas—storage places for the dead—within the populous limits of New York City. Similar conditions exist in other cities throughout the civilized world, while many cases of untimely disease and death follow the use of water from wells located near country burial grounds.

¶ Time decomposes by slow combustion; cremation

by swift combustion, and without the unpleasant accessories of the former.

¶ Unless in its comparative novelty, there is no greater shock to the feelings at a cremation funeral than at the usual obsequies. The writer has attended several, and in no case did the rites seem to him less solemn, impressive and tender. Nature but receives her own again through the reverently administered agency of purifying fire.

¶ A recent issue of the London Chronicle contains the following: "It will be surprising if the remarkable weight and number of names practically subscribed to the cause of cremation within the past few months—names like those of Spencer, Edwin Arnold, Leslie Stephen, Watts, Henley and Antoinette Sterling—are not some day noted as almost marking an epoch by the historian of what *promises to be the method of the future*. Students will be interested to learn the fate of the petition just sent by the Berlin Cremation Society to the Pope, wherein not far short of ten

thousand persons pray for the abolition of the Church's official disapproval."

¶ The writer has no desire to express an opinion subversive of any custom which time has approved as wise and beneficial to the general health and welfare. But the assurance that multitudes of intelligent and reverent people have a growing conviction that Earth burial works evil, and that cremation is an acceptable and desirable alternative, prompts him to give his own views upon the subject in the following lines, written several years ago :

Burial in the Clouds

When Azriel comes to call my soul away,
Lay not my breathless form in some dark cell
Alone—alone with worms and foul decay;
At such unkindness would my shade rebel.

No spells to haunt my friends should fancy weave,
Lest I might wake and struggle to be free;
Nor would I scourge a world I love and leave,
With noxious taint in earth, or air, or sea.

L. of C. 1

But let me melt into a filmy cloud,
And touch with gold the amber morning sky;
Or, veiled in mist, with driving storm enshroud
Both land and tossing main, as on I fly.

Then wrap about my frame a robe of fire,
And let it rise as incense, censer swung,
Until, in ether pure, it may aspire
To greet the stars along the azure flung.

And to some grassy knoll, my ashes bring,
For kindred hands upon the lawn to strew,
Where song-birds love to mate and nest and sing,
And early sunshine comes to drink the dew.

And when from cloud-land fall the grateful showers,
To bless some future, happy summer's day,
Believe that I am come to wake the flowers
To bloom, and thus my debt to earth repay.

AUG 7 1905

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 029 785 087